

Akala - Riddle Of Life Lyrics

(Ft Ayanna Witter-Johnson)

[Akala: verse 1]

Who can read the riddle of life
It's a tale told by an idiot, still we can't figure it
Maybe the simplistic things
That is where the wisdom is
Freedom only has meaning if you know what a prison is
All we see is differences, death don't distinguish 'em
Flickering flame to the brightest light it extinguish 'em
Then its gone little spec gone forever
The soil that covers bones decomposes whoever
Weather you're rich or you're clever
A buyer or seller could not trade what they made for another day even as a slave
The heathen is made by believers enraged
As a gauge to find a way, to deceive us in wage
From the, screen to the page, to the wall to the cage
I wonder if what we say
Ever really has changed
Because, we ain't got a clue from whome that we came
But giving a name is one of the ways that we entertain

[Hook : Ayanna Witter-Johnson]

Deeper
And deeper, I go
Searching for something
Unknown
Wonder
The (?) my soul
Standing for something
I love

[Verse 2]

Who can read the riddle of life
I have wondered many times if Shakespeare was right
And it signifies nothing
Just that heaven's bluffing
But the jokes on us cos we duiscuss all this deeper stuff
(?)
Cos it all just eventually, turns into dust
Must we change our disgust for the lust of depravity?
And adjust our (?) cusp of reality
I ain't sussed enough to give myself clarity
But I do know enough not to trust any charity

Cos the, language of death
Is spoken, by a golden breath
I know that I am golden but I am not hoping to be next
Yes, I do cling to this vanity
And I dip my pen in the ink of insanity
When mind numbing disparity
Passes as normality
The comedy of history's we don't see it's a tragedy

[Hook : Ayanna Witter-Johnson]

[Verse 3]

Who can read the riddle of life
We ain't given equipment for recognising the signs
So lines are unclear
Trying to undo tears is near enough impossible
We're clung to fear
The cost of letting go, is less than we know
But still, it's way more than we are willing to show
So we cling harder, my mother and my father
As if, they're the only ones that gave birth to a child
They say, life is a gift but I don't know if it is
Not because I'm pissed I literally don't know what it is
Are we spirits from another realm cast down into this world?
Or just animals focused on how we feed ourselves
Heaven or hell what's the perspective?
A strong desire to return to the source and we call it a death wish
But maybe, they have just settled the riddle
No beginning or end but there's a life in the middle